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THE ANGEL VISITANT.

BY HAP HAZARD.

I slept down the slanting way
Of moonbeams streaming on the floor,
An angel band, in bright array,
Came tripping in, they bring o'er
My bed, one kneeled and prayed alone.
As shimmers silver in the light,
With changeful coruscations bright,
Her drooping white wings shone.
With folded hands upon her breast,
Where sat enthroned Purity,
And upraised eyes, while holy rest
Poured through them, still'st constancy,
A Guardian Angel hovering low.
She seemed; and, banishing the gloom,
A light celestial filled the room,
From her seraphic brow.

I woke! Alas! the moonbeams streamed
Still, through the casement, on the floor;
A pearly haze of radiance seemed
To fill the room, where none were
And one there knelt beside me bed
Whose tranquil brow and vestments white,
Bathed in the flood of mellow light,
A halo round her shed.

But this all untroubled knelt—
The angel band had sped them hence;
And though the same calm luster dwelt
In my neck and on my glace,
And still remained the safty grace;
Yet this the silver wings had lost;
But (what the other could not boast,)
She wore my mother's face!

Dashing Dick:

OR,

TRAPPER TOM'S CASTLE.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY,"
"BOY SPY," "IRONSIDES, THE SCOUT," "DEATH-
NOTCH, THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERY OF LAKE CASTLE.

In the heart of an extensive forest, and compassed by wooded bluffs and stony cliffs, slumbered the placid waters of Clear Lake. There were beaten paths converging thence from different directions through the woods; along which for ages, perhaps, the shaggy bison and stately buck had come to slake their thirst and lave their sweltering forms in the cool, limpid water, without fear of man.

The great prairies were the pasture-fields of these immense herds, over which they roamed undisturbed, while in the forest the stealthy panther and cowardly wolf sought their prey.

But at length the red-man pushed his conquests into the West, and pitched his wigwam upon the margin of the lake and the shores of the rivers; and then he became lord of the land. Here then, in all his characteristic glory, he reigned supreme—hunted the deer in the woods, the bison upon the plain, and took the fish from the waters; and, too, he woed his dusky mate and took her for his slave. He basked in his form in the suns of winter, and lolled beneath the forest shades of summer, dreaming of naught else than savage bliss and glory, until they were finally startled from their dreams by a strange noise echoing through the forest.

It was the crack of the white man's rifle.

The foot of the invader was upon their shores.

The pale-face had at last pushed across the Father of Waters, and had come to contend with the red-men, as had their forefathers contended with the Huron, the Mohawk, the Iroquois and the Delaware.

The tomahawk and scalping-knife was now sharpened, and the bows strung anew. The old spirit of savage vengeance, which for a while had been nursed in indolent bliss and repose, was once more aroused, and the spiteful crack of the invader's rifle was answered by the defiant war-cry of the savage.

And so, a summer sun of the year 18—had just sunk behind the western hills, when two men paused on the eastern shore of Clear Lake and gazed out upon the smooth, pulseless bosom of the little sheet.

Both were white men, and, as their garbs and weapons denoted, both were bordermen. One was an elderly man, the other young. The former was about fifty years of age, but then time had made but little inroad on the strong and healthy physique of this man, whose whole life had been spent upon the border, and had become hardened to its privations and exposures. His features was somewhat angular, as was also his powerful form. His eyes were of soft brown, his hair and whiskers gray.

This individual was known throughout the section of the West as Trapper Tom. His companion was a man not over five and twenty years of age. In form he was a little above the medium height, with muscular limbs, wide shoulders and swelling chest. His eyes were of a dark-gray color and keen as the hawk's. His head, which showed both intellectuality and force of character, was covered with a growth of raven-black hair that hung far down his back. Within he was a handsome man, whose general expression was that of a brave, yet wild, dashing, reckless spirit.

Both of these men were dressed in buck-skin garments, whose style harmonized with their age and general character. That of Trapper Tom was plain, well made, and well polished with long use; while that of his companion was neat and clean, and ornamented in a manner that lent an additional grace to his dashing spirit and movements.

"Thar, Dick!" said Trapper Tom, as they paused on the edge of the lake, "we're arrivin' at Clear Lake, and if you'll just look hereaways, you'll see Lake Castle."

Dashing Dick, as the young borderman was called, looked in the direction indicated and saw a small, conical-shaped stone building standing out in the center of the little lake.

"Ah, yes," replied the young man, "I see it; and so there is where you, Trapper Tom, live in defiance to Red Falcon and his host?"

"Yes, that's Lake Castle, where I've lived for two years, and the devil got every red-skin that



"Thar, Dick," said Trapper Tom; "if you'll just look hereaways, you'll see Lake Castle."

venered in gun-shot o' the fortress," replied the old trapper, with a chuckle. "No, sircce, Dick, a red feen has never seed inside o' Lake Castle, nor a white 'un, either. I'm thunderin' per-

ler who I take into it."

"You may regret taking me there," replied Dashing Dick with a jocular laugh.

"Nay, nay, Dick," responded the trapper; "I'm too good a judge o' human nater to think you'd go back on me. Besides, I've heard you much o' Dashing Dick, not to know he's the true blue and a royal good feller."

"Thanks, Trapper Tom, for the compliment. It was to avail myself of the honor of being a guest of Trapper Tom, at his famous Lake Castle, that brought me all of twenty weary leagues from the southward."

"Then you shan't be disapp'nted, Dick. Come, and we'll soon be within the walls of the castle."

I will here remark that Trapper Tom and Dashing Dick had met for the first time that day. Each was unknown to the other, save by reputation, but within an hour after they met, they became as familiar as though they had known each other for years. Trapper Tom invited Dick to share his retreat with him that night, and the young hunter accepted. In fact, Dashing Dick had brought about that meeting so as to gain admission to Lake Castle. A mystery connected with the stronghold of this old trapper he had determined to solve if possible.

It required but a few minutes' paddling to reach the trapper's home. The structure was oblong in shape, built entirely of stone, and covering a space perhaps twenty feet long by twelve in width. It had been erected upon a sand island, and so close to the water all around that the waves washed its basement stones. It had been well put together, its construction displaying no little mechanical skill. From the door was a stone platform, extending out into the water some ten feet. Tom paddled his canoe alongside of this, and landed thereon. He was immediately followed by Dashing Dick; then, having drawn his canoe from the water upon the platform, the old trapper turned to his cabin door. This, after he had gone through a number of motions, wheezed open on its great hinges and admitted the master and his young guest to the interior.

By this time it was nearly dark, and, as the open door and the single small window in the arched stone roof of the building admitted but little of the remaining light, Tom closed the door and proceeded to strike a fire in a small fire-place in one corner of the castle. There being a supply of fuel on hand, his task was soon accomplished, and, as the flames gathered volume, they shot their ruddy rays into every corner of the apartment.

Dashing Dick saw that the Castle consisted but the one room. This was large and commodious, but seemed quite small in proportion to the size of the structure on the outside. The walls were lined with dried peltries, some traps and clothing; while the ceiling was studded with chunks of dried venison suspended to

horizontal poles by strips of fibrous bark. A few cooking utensils, a rude table, two or three stools, and a pallet of furs and blankets, composed the outfit of Lake Castle.

The floor was the dry, white sand of the surface of the island, in which the foot sunk quite an inch.

"Quite a palace, Tom," remarked Dashing Dick, when he had obtained a view of his surroundings; "it would take a cannon to batter down these walls."

"On't is here, you're safe," replied the old trapper; "ther most danger lies in gittin' away. But I allers manage that to a demunstration; and as to the reds kaptein' the place, why I have licked Red Falcon and twenty o' his warriors in one night."

"I've heard of your valorous fighting, Tom," responded Dick, searching the trapper's face closely. "The Indians think the Castle is haunted, while I've heard more than one hunter of the lower lakes say that they were satisfied with the truth of this."

"I think it all a mistake, for I'm sure I see no one about, nor any place where any one could be concealed. But I must say here is a track in your sand floor that was never made by your foot. It's too small—more like a woman's footprint."

"Ther nation!" exclaimed Trapper Tom, with a slight start. "Who said so?—what do you think about it?"

"I think it all a mistake, for I'm sure I see no one about, nor any place where any one could be concealed. But I must say here is a track in your sand floor that was never made by your foot. It's too small—more like a woman's footprint."

"It may be possible," replied Dick, "but I'll swear it looks like a woman's footprint."

"A woman's? Ho! ho! ho! A woman in ole Tom Strothers' Castle? Why, Dick, the ijee's ridiculous" and the old trapper went off into another roar of laughter.

The subject was here permitted to drop, and Tom set about preparing something to eat. This was soon accomplished; then Dick was invited to partake, and, accepting the hospitality of his host, the young hunter was soon discussing topics of various natures over the supper with Tom.

"And the Indians," remarked Dick, when the conversation touched upon this subject; "you think, do you, Tom, intend to make a sweep of all the settlers?"

"I believe it's in the heart of that infernal Red Falcon to kill every settler in the Territory o' Iowa. He's the bloodiest-hearted devil that ever roamed unscalded, Dick. His name will cause the hair to raise on a white settler's head if spoken in the dark. But, I've got my eyes open for Red Falcon, and he's a dead chief if he ever gets within range o' my rifle."

Dashing Dick saw that the Castle consisted but the one room. This was large and commodious, but seemed quite small in proportion to the size of the structure on the outside. The walls were lined with dried peltries, some traps and clothing; while the ceiling was studded with chunks of dried venison suspended to

in his mind, he finally sunk into a sound slumber. His respirations were long and regular, and he might have slept soundly until day-break, had not a small coal of fire snapped out and fallen upon his cheek. The sharp, stinging pain awoke him, and starting up into a sitting posture, he gazed around him in bewilderment. But he soon recalled his situation and discovered the cause of his disturbance. But Trapper Tom was gone!

He would have thought little of this, but, as he was lying against the door, which opened inward, it seemed a little singular that the old trapper could get out without disturbing him. For, as before stated, there were no openings in the Castle save the one door and the small holes in the arched roof. But might there not be some secret opening? He glanced at the walls around him, but they were all of solid masonry.

A train of thoughts now began to chase each other rapidly through the young hunter's mind, and while he was occupied with these, his keen ear suddenly caught the sound of suppressed voices. This aroused his curiosity to the highest pitch, and bending his head, he listened intently to catch the words of those, whatever they were, that were engaged in conversation. He could hear the voices, low and suppressed. One appeared to be a man's voice, the other a woman's, but he could distinguish the words of neither. In fact, the sound was so very faint that he could not locate the point from whence it came, for the variations of the two voices made it, or seemed to make it, come from different points outside of the Castle.

Turning, the young trapper applied his eye to a small crack in the door in hopes of gaining some clue as to who the colloquists were; but he saw no one. He applied his ear to the crack and listened. The voices had become hushed, but something like the dip of a paddle came to his ears. But this, too, soon died away, and then Dick turned his back upon the door again.

A cry arose to his lips as he did so, but it was promptly suppressed. On his couch, on the opposite side of the Castle, he saw Trapper Tom lying wrapt in apparent slumber!

The young hunter bit his lip till the blood almost came to assure himself that he was not dreaming, for this sudden and silent transition of the old trapper's form into the Castle seemed more like a dream than reality. He was completely dumbfounded, and threw himself upon his couch without making the slightest noise, or uttering a word. But he had become firmly convinced that Trapper Tom and Lake Castle were involved in some strange mystery.

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGE CONFLICT.

DASHING DICK again fell asleep, pondering over the mysteries connected with Lake Castle and its master. His heavy respirations told that he slept soundly.

No sooner had he fallen asleep than Trapper Tom began to move restlessly on his couch. At length he opened his eyes, raised up on his elbow, and gazed around.

The fire had burned low, and only a sickly twilight pervaded the room. So the old trapper arose to his feet and threw a few dry sticks of wood on the red coals.

A bright glow soon lit up the apartment, then the trapper turned and stole softly to the side of the sleeping hunter. Bending over him, he gazed down into the handsome face, expressionless in slumber.

"Can it be," the old trapper mused—"can it be possible this youth is that person whose name is upon every lip? Is it possible that that man is a guest of Trapper Tom? I swar it don't seem possible, but I reckon time'll tell."

The trapper turned and stole back to the fire. Then a strange sound broke upon his ears. He started up—grasped his trusty rifle, and examined its priming with a keen and experienced eye.

"Ho, Dick, my boy!" he then shouted in stentorian tones.

The young hunter instantly started from his slumber.

"What—what is up, Tom?"

The heathens—the minions of Red Falcon are coming to try the Castle again."

"Jerusalem! them we're to have a fight, eh?"

and Dick arose, arranged his clothes and took down his rifle.

"Yes, and a sharp fight it'll be," replied Tom, scanning the face of the young hunter closely.

Then he went to the door, opened a concealed wicket, and gazed out.

A low exclamation escaped his lips. He saw a long boat glide alongside the platform in front of his door. He saw a dozen powerful Sioux Indians spring out onto the landing. Then a rush was made for the door. A wild yell rent the air; crashing blows fell upon the door—it yielded!

"Good God!" burst from Trapper Tom's lips; "the door was left unbolted! Come, Dick, my boy, put your shoulder to the door. We must keep the red hooligans out, or our hair will have to come."

The old trapper braced his shoulder against the door and was assisted by Dick. The inward pressure was checked by this resistance, but it soon became evident that a greater force was being brought to bear outside, and that the door must soon yield.

"Heave ag'inst her, Dick, heave ag'inst her best," cried the old trapper, concentrating all his strength into one mighty effort; "if we can only git it back to its place and shoot the bolt, then—ah, there!"

"Heavens! what does that mean?" cried Dashing Dick.

The pressure against the door was suddenly withdrawn, and a wild, savage yell, mingled with fearful shrieks and cries and the sharp crash of firearms, fairly rocked the castle, and rendered the night hideous.

"What does it mean, Tom? what does it mean?" repeated Dashing Dick, manifesting no little agitation.

"I don't know, Dick," replied Tom, a puzzled expression passing over his bronzed, bearded face, and a strange light burning in his eyes.

They bent their heads and listened. They could hear sounds that were evidence of a terrible conflict going on without on the platform. They could hear the cracks of pistols, dull, crunching blows, shrieks and groans of agony, the dull thud of heavy bodies falling upon the platform, or being hurled with fearful violence against the Castle walls, and now and then a thunderous splash in the water.

"It's some trick to get us out," said Trapper Tom, who had taken advantage of this diversion to bolt the door.

"No, Tom; I verily believe friends have come to our assistance, and are engaged with the Indians."

Trapper Tom made no reply, but opened the wicket and gazed out upon the combatants. He saw them engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter, surging to and fro so rapidly that the eye could not follow their movements. Some were up and some were down, and now and then a pair, locked in each other's deadly embrace, would go spinning across the platform into the water, where the struggle was continued to the death.

"What is the trouble, Tom?" asked Dick with dire impatience.

"Look for yourself, Dick; I can't distinguish one body from the other, they're mixed up so," replied the old trapper, withdrawing from the wicket.

Dick glanced out through the aperture, but he was a moment too late. A great cloud trailed its tattered shreds across the moon's disk, wrapping all in darkness without. The young hunter, however, could see the dark forms surging to and fro on the platform, but he could not discriminate between them. He could not tell whether those that had attacked the savages were white men, or the worse foes of the Sioux, the Arapahoes. But whichever it might be, they were pressing the savages hard. The conflict was a fierce and desperate one, and by this time had been transferred to the lake around the base of the platform, where flying arms and feet, and whirling and falling bodies beat and churned the water to a foam.

"By Heaven, Trapper Tom!" said Dashing Dick, excitedly, "I believe it is friends—white friends, too, that have come to our assistance. If so, we are not doing our duty remaining shut up in here."

"True, Dick," replied Tom; "but I was afraid at first it was all a sham to draw us out. We can get out yet, and lend a helping hand."

"Then unbarr the door—quick. I'm afraid we're already too late. The noise has subsided as if by magic. The conflict must be at an end."

The door was unfastened and the two rushed out onto the platform. True enough, they found the conflict had ended, but not a living warrior was to be seen. But there was fearful evidence of the struggle all around them. The platform was slippery with human gore, and the wall of the Castle was bespattered with dark clots of the life-liquid. Three motionless forms lay upon the landing, and a fourth one was hanging over the edge, the blood dropping from a fearful gash in the head into the lake.

Dashing Dick advanced and examined these forms. All were Sioux warriors of Red Falcon's band. They were scalps and presented a shocking spectacle with their grim faces wearing the last agonies of death, upturned in the ghostly moonlight. The long bateau in which the savages had reached the castle still lay alongside the platform.

With a keen eye the young hunter swept the surrounding waters, but not a living object could be seen upon the glassy surface.

Who were the victorious assailants, and where had they vanished so quickly and silently? Were they the avenging spirits that Indian tradition had said haunted the waters of Clear Lake, and guarded the Castle of their arch companion, Trapper Tom?

These were the questions that Dashing Dick asked himself, but he could arrive at nothing definite in regard to them, and the more he pondered over the matter, the more complicated the mysteries grew.

"That's been a bloody battle here, Dick, I swar," said Trapper Tom. "Red Falcon's varlets have got it waxed to 'em. But who done it, and what have they gone to? Surely they weren't all killed. By jing, it's curious."

"Couldn't you tell where the victorious assailants are, Trapper Tom?" asked Dick, fixing his eyes upon the old trapper.

"Me tell? Why should I tell more about it than you, Dick? I admit it's curious they didn't make themselves known after doin' us such a good turn. But I'll tell you my opinon: I think it war a party o' Arapahoes come here for the same purpose the Sioux did—to kapter Lake Castle. But findin' the Sioux here, they got to fightin' each other, for you know the two tribes are at the outs."

"The story seems plausible enough," thought Dashing Dick, "but in connection with what I have seen to night, I believe Trapper Tom knows more about this affair than he is willing to admit. I am inclined to think it is one of the mysteries of Lake Castle, and—"

Here his train of reflections was interrupted by an exclamation from the lips of old Tom, who pointed away toward the eastern shore of the lake where he had discovered a canoe, with a number of occupants standing well in under the shadows.

"That tells the story," he said; "it's been a pack o' Arapahoes that attacked the Sioux."

"But how could they escape so soon after the conflict ended without our seeing them?"

"Don't you know the ways of the red-skins are inscrutable, lad? When you've spent as many years among the varlets as I have, then you'll learn that there's nothing impossible for a red-skin to do but to git inside o' Trapper Tom's Castle," and the old trapper laughed heartily at his own conceit.

The subject was here permitted to rest, and Trapper Tom proceeded to remove the lifeless bodies from the platform and wash off the blood. By the time this was accomplished the moon had gone down, and that darkness which precedes dawn fell over the lake.

"Now it is our time to go ashore, Dick," said the old trapper; "lurkin' Ingins won't see us land, and so they won't know but what we're in the Castle still. That's the how I work 'em."

"Well, I want to visit Prairie View to-day, and if there's danger in venturing ashore in the daytime, let us be off at once."

"That's it," replied Tom, and he proceeded to make ready for departure.

All was made ready, and having securely locked the Castle door, Tom launched his canoe and the two took their departure. The eastern shore was reached and a landing effected in safety.

The canoe being concealed, the two proceeded a short ways back into the woods, when Dick said:

"I suppose I will have to leave you, now, friend Tom."

"I reckon so, if you're goin' down to the settlement. I can't go down to day. I've got to look out for Red Falcon's scalp. But, should you ever drift up into these diggin's again, remember the latch-string of Lake Castle is allers out for friends o' old Tom Strothers."

"I'll not forget you, nor Lake Castle, old friend."

friend; so good-morning to you," replied Dick, and thus the two parted—Dick going south and Trapper Tom east.

Dashing Dick's mind, as soon as he was alone, reverted to the mysteries of Lake Castle. He could not convince himself but that Trapper Tom had withheld some secrets from him, the main one of which was, of there being other occupants at the Castle besides the trapper. If so, why did he wish to keep the matter such a secret? Was he, under the guise of a hunter, harboring a band of outlaws or counterfeiters?

"Poor girl!" uttered the young man, lowly thinking of Myrtle.

"O-h, God!" murmured a tremulous voice, in the hallway, and a staggering, fainting form reeled away from the door.

Myrtle had heard all!

As he studied the matter over he came to a halt, turned about and retraced his footsteps back to the lake. He had determined to make some further investigations from the shore as soon as daylight came. If there were other occupants than Trapper Tom about the castle, he would be likely to gain some evidence of the fact.

Cautiously he began scouting around the lake, and in the course of an hour he returned to the point from whence he had started. It was now daylight, and the sun had just come up.

The young hunter glanced across the lake toward the Castle. To his surprise he saw a thin column of white smoke rising from its chimney-top. However, there was nothing more suspicious about this, for Tom had thrown a stick of wood on the fire before leaving, and it might be from this that the smoke was still rising. However, he kept his eye upon the Castle and the surrounding waters, and evinced no little curiosity when he suddenly discovered a canoe filled with Sioux warriors, move out from the shadows of the west shore and head directly toward the old trapper's retreat.

"Ah! that will tell the matter," mused the young hunter, for he knew at a glance that the savages had become apprised, by some means or other, of the absence of its inmates and intended to capture it.

With an anxious, throbbing heart he watched the long craft creeping across the waters toward the structure. He was not so far away but that he could see the warriors were all powerful fellows and well armed, and painted and plumed for the war-path.

Slowly the craft creeps on. It is now within fifty paces of the Castle. Dashing Dick fixes his eyes upon the structure. He starts. There is a number of little jets of white smoke puff out from the walls of the building. He hears the report of several rifles blended in one sullen roar come over the water. He hears a savage death-wail follow it. He sees a savage leap overboard into the lake from the advancing canoe, his arms beating the waves in the convulsions of death. Then he sees the craft turn about and make a hasty retreat shoreward, minus three of its occupants.

Dashing Dick started up. Something like a cloud of disappointment darkened his brow. Then turning, he moved briskly away toward Prairie View, musing:

"By Heavens, there are other occupants at Lake Castle! But they are not human; they may be invisible spirits—avenging angels. Yes, by Jupiter, Lake Castle is haunted!"

(To be continued.)

Stealing a Heart: or, THE RIVAL HALF-SISTERS.

A TALE OF THE TIDES OF LOVE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.
AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "CAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CREST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEATH-STROKE.

MADAME ST. SYLVIN continued in that low, guarded tone to which her voice had sunk:

"I say my son dragged his wife down-stairs by the wrist. The rage of his jealousy knew no bounds, and even if she had asked for an explanation of his sudden, fierce and significant action, she would not have got it. He passed from the house, out into the storm of the night and paused at the foot of the porch steps. I followed, unseen. The light streamed through the door, from the hall, down to her face. I can never forget how wild and terrified she looked, and I heard her cry: 'Edgar—Edgar! oh, what has happened?' What are you doing?" And his voice rose above the howl of the tempest, as he answered: 'You have disgraced me! Twice I have witnessed your meeting with your old lover; and you are no longer fit to live in your baseness! Go—go, before I kill you!' Of course Lozone knew she was innocent of any crime against her husband, and she begged, implored him to listen to her.

"But he was maddened. I tell you—crazed! He would not hear her. At that moment my conscience smote me. I was on the point of hastening out, to stop the terrible scene. But—too late! While she was on her knees, clinging to him, beseeching him to listen just for one moment, he cast her from him, with a curse, and strode into the house. Lozone fell backward with a shriek that chilled the blood in my veins, and lay, like a lifeless thing on the wet sod. I hid behind the parlor door, and my son returned to his room, without discovering me. Yes—yes—it was my doing; but Heaven knows how I have repented!" and the old lady paused, shaking her head sadly.

"Assistance was summoned, and the old lady was conveyed to her room.

The nearest physician lived some miles distant. But there were young, athletic slaves who adored madame—who was a kind mistress—and one of these started on a swift run for the doctor's house.

It was after dark when the medical worthy arrived—coming in his little, spider-like gig, with a foaming, sweaty horse.

In her spacious bedroom lay Madame St. Sylvie. The apartment was lighted dimly, and Nannie—the ever-faithful slave—moved about the couch with muffled footsteps, adjusting the covers, and easing the aged form as much as possible.

Madame was very still; but her eyes were opened wide, and followed the actions of the slave girl intently.

William Manning and Coral stood at the bedside, waiting to hear what was to come.

The doctor shook his head when he had examined his patient.

"He advanced agg," he said, stroking his chin in a dubious style. "Some very heavy excitement. Completely shattered—terribly unstrung. If she has another, she can't re-cover."

"Doctor." It was the first word madame had spoken since they revived her—and there was no voice, only a whisper, so faint that they had to lean to catch the utterance.

"My dear madam, I am very sorry."

"Doctor, tell me: will I die?"

"Ahem!" The good gentleman hesitated.

"Just what I say. I know that this scoundrel, with whom I am about to exchange shots, tripped against me on purpose this afternoon. I know that he is at Myrtleworth attempting to usurp my claim to the St. Sylvie heritage. It may be that the whole thing is a plot between you to get rid of me through some foul play. But I warn you, I am no bad marksman with the pistol, and at the first sign of treachery, I shall certainly shoot one of you!"

Perhaps Yost's face paled a little at this, but his voice was firm.

"To work," he said. "I am here to fight—not to talk. If you have no 'second,' that's your own look-out."

"Will Manning has got a second!" broke in a croaking voice at the speaker's elbow.

And Gowan could scarce suppress an oath of rage, as he distinguished the figure of Bea Foars in the half-darkness.

"You talk strangely, grandma."

"Promise me you will never do her wrong," persisted her grandmother, while the wide, staring eyes glanced fearfully up.

"For a second, the young beauty returned that steadfast gaze; then she bent her head, and whispered rapidly, almost hissing:

"I wish Myrtle no harm. But I love Richard Wayn with a wild, determined fervor. I shall marry him, if I can possibly win him from her. In this alone I am her enemy!"

An indefinable expression came into the thin, pallid features. Madame seemed to be struggling to say more, yet could not; a dangerous excitement was perceptible in the weak frame of the dying woman.

"And is there not even a witness left?" he asked.

"All dead—all dead. The certificate and record were destroyed, as I told you, by the negro that I hired. He was my slave; I granted him his freedom for the part he played. All those who were present at the wedding—which was very quiet—have died off. My grandchild is to be pitiful—I deserve her curses!"

"Poor girl!" uttered the young man, lowly thinking of Myrtle.

"O-h, God!" murmured a tremulous voice, in the hallway, and a staggering, fainting form reeled away from the door.

Myrtle had heard all!

Nannie just then returned, saying:

"I can't find Miss Myrtle."

"But I must see her. I tell you!" burst from madame's lips, as she clung to the doctor's sleeve.

"Certainly, my dear madam—you must see her. Of course, Ahem! Girl!" to Nannie—"go find your young mistress at once. Search for her everywhere. We have no time to lose. In half an hour Mrs. St. Sylvie will be too weak to talk. Fly, now!"

Even as he spoke, and while the slave started to obey, madame's lips parted, a look of intense pain and fear, combined, swept across her emaciated face, and there was another gush of the warm blood from her throat.

When Nannie rejoined them, after a long absence, her mistress was in an insensible condition.

"She's not in the house," the slave informed them. "And we've looked all around, and can't find her nowhere."

The announcement had an electric effect.

The eyes of Madame St. Sylvie shot open, and riveted on William Manning.

"Be quick, gentlemen!"

"Yes," answered both.

Bec was standing like a statue. Her dagger eyes watched intently every movement of the men.

The Lawyer began:

"Now; one—two—three—four" four was counted, and as the word fell from his lips, he drew a pistol from his pocket.

"Five—six—seven—eight," the pistol was raised to a deadly aim on the receding form of the intended victim; a rigid finger was already pointing the trigger.

"Look out, Will Manning!—look out for your life!" screamed Bec.

Will Manning could turn he saw a bright flash at the side of a bush directly in front of him. There was a sharp, echoing report—a bullet whistled close past his ear. The effect of the cry and the ambushed shot was so sudden, that his own weapon exploded, and the two whiplike cracks were so close together that they blended into one.

He heard a shriek in his rear, and wheeled in time to see Jasper Gowen reel and fall heavily to the earth.

With the smoking pistol lowered at his side, Manning stood transfixed.

"William Manning, you are a murderer!

"You have killed my friend!" rang out the voice of Henry Yost, as he stooped beside the body of the lawyer.

"But I! but I!" cried Will Manning.

"My dear madam—"

"Myrtle!" she gasped, closing her eyes again, in utter exhaustion from the effort.

Manning pressed her hand. He understood.

But Myrtle was gone—gone, no one knew whither!

The doctor, who was near the foot of the couch, in full view of his patient's face, observed what he thought was a sudden

gazing on the wood coals. "I would not, for

the world, that he'd 'a' stained his hands with

the life of Jasper Gowen. He can not come

back to Myrtleworth now.

Henry Yost

dispatched a messenger to the "Lion" within the

hour; an' before this, they're after the boy—for

murder."

Hendrick moved uneasily.

"William Manning was thought a great deal

of," he said.

"True—but the best man will have his

enemies. An' now, when they think him

guilty of murder, they won't stop to look at his

record 'mong them. The killing of a man is a

dangerous thing."

"Yes" abstractedly.

"He did it to save his own life, I can swear.

But who knows?—they may hang him the minute we find him."

"Let's quit talking on the subject," interrupted Weston, shifting his position. "I am sorry enough on his account."

Just then came the voice of Max from the bed.

"Don't go, Sweet Bird," murmured the youth, whose mind was wandering. "Stay and help Max drive off the shadows. See—the man with the scar is hid in the tree. He's got a gun—ah! Max knows. Do you see him?—he's frowning like the dark clouds that carry the lightning over the earth. Somebody is to die when the gun speaks. Stay, Sweet Bird, and weep for the dead, while Max fights the laughing owl."

"What's that the boy says?" exclaimed Bec,

lowly, as she arose and drew near to the couch.

"Water!" gasped the feverish lips. "There's

hot fire in my throat; and—hark! I hear a

cow: it says I shall die. No—no! I don't

want to die! What will I do? Drive them away—ugly faces! I choke! Water—water!"

He tossed about in a delirium of thirst, and

tore at the bosom of the ragged shirt.

Bec turned to bring a cup of water from the

pail.

But she paused.

In pulling open his shirt front, Max revealed the miniature which we have seen him steal from the old trunk on a former occasion.

"Ha!" whispered the hag, "how came he by that? He must have seen me place it in the trunk some time!"

"Water! Water!" broke forth the choking voice.

Sip applied the cool liquid to his lips, and then he sank backward on the pillow, peacefully.

"What is that?—where did he get it?" inquired Hendrick, pointing to the medallion.

"A picture," she answered.

"Of what?—whom?"

Bec did not speak for several seconds. Then she said, slowly, going back to her seat at the

hearth:

"It's the picture of his mother."

"His mother?"

"Yes. I was keeping it for him."

"All! then you know who were the boy's parents?"

"Yes," with a momentary glance at him—a

glance that was full of strangeness.

"Tell me who they were?"

"I will not. But, mayhap the day will come, Hendrick Weston, when this boy will not be the crazy thing he is now. And Bec. Foarsome knows! ha-ha! a secret that's worth a great deal to him. Hark!"

She raised one hand and listened.

Muttering voices were heard outside, and the tramp of feet came to their ears.

"Do you hear that?"—in an anxious tone; "They're after Will Manning. They're scouring the woods. God grant that they'll not find him!"

"I'll join them. If they do catch him, and

should undertake to punish him on the spot, I

may save him till you can swear to the facts in the case."

"Go, then. And be quick!"

Hendrick left the cabin.

Three men were passing; and the surmise was correct; they were hunting for the one around whom fate had woven a network of danger. Twenty-four hours before, men had been proud to call William Manning their friend—now, branded with the charge of murder, he was an object of enmity and pursuit.

Weston had scarce departed when Bec uttered a low cry.

Max had arisen to a sitting posture on the bed, and was regarding her bewilderedly. But it was not merely this which called forth her quick-breathed exclamation.

The eyes that looked at her, no longer stared vacantly—their glances were intelligent and full of inquiry, and his face wore an expression which Bec had never before seen there.

"Who am I?" asked the boy, in a calm, strange voice.

She sprung from her seat, and took one step toward him—then paused, gaping in astonishment.

Max was no longer mad!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 170.)

the knife which he had raised to strike another entered his own breast. The thought, too, came to him that it would be almost impossible to get within striking distance of the man, whose death he sought, without alarming him.

Keenly on the watch, and suspecting that a foe lurked in each dark shadow, the haunted man would be certain to hear the stealthy footsteps approaching him from the rear, and then, alarmed, he would either run like the grayhound, or else turn and fight with the desperation of the stag at bay. If he adopted the latter course and was armed, as the chances were ten to one he was, the Virginian felt that he might sacrifice his own life and yet not take full measure of revenge upon his foe.

With a mighty effort the colonel calmed the torrent of rage surging from heart to brain, unloosed the iron grip upon the handle of the knife, and returned it to its hiding-place.

"No" he muttered, half-aloud. "I'll take no chances this time, but get 'dead wood' on him, sure. If he's got a revolver he could bore a hole through me before I could get within striking distance. Besides, it would be folly to attempt to get near him: he has ears like a cat, and would be sure to discover me. So I'll just track him till I run him to earth. Then I'll warn the officers and he'll go back to Sing-Sing."

And acting upon these thoughts, the Virginian skulked along, taking advantage of every shadow that afforded concealment. He feared that at any moment the pursued man might take it into his head to look carefully behind him in quest of a spy.

But the disguised man never once thought of such a thing as a spy upon his track. Why should he? What subtle power is there in nature to warn him of danger? He "worked by wit, and not by witchcraft." He was providing against man's keenest skill; he had not dreamed that his daring plan, framed to baffle the wits of the detective officers, would be set at naught by a strange chain of circumstances: fortune oftentimes mocks at skill and courage, and bestows her favors with an unsparing hand upon the fool who can boast of neither.

The man went on with a light and careless step, and even a smile would appear upon his face as he reflected how well his plans had succeeded, and how completely he had baffled the keen-sighted hounds of the law, who had once been so close upon him. He hardly looked around, so confident was he that no peril threatened him. Once only, as he turned from the avenue into Twenty-Third street, he cast a short, quick glance behind him. It was done more out of habit than from suspicion of danger. The hunted deer starts at the whirr of a dead leaf, and so the human, who knows that all honest hands are raised against him, sees cause for flight in every dark shadow.

But the man again turned his head, he had seen naught to excite his suspicions. He had not noticed the watcher on the other side of the street, gliding after him with stealthy tread.

Down Twenty-Third street to Avenue A, along Avenue A to Essex street, through Essex to Rutgers, and through Rutgers street to the river front

was plain that the man had selected the unfrequented side streets, where the homes of the working-class were situated, rather than the crowded Bowery, where the presence of the shrewd-eyed detectives, in plain clothes, might be expected.

As steadfast as his shadow the Virginian had followed on the track of the fugitive, and so careful had the spy been in his movements that his watch had not been even suspected.

Along the river front to Catherine street the disguised man went; then crossed the street and went through a gateway leading to one of the docks.

Glimming up as he followed him, the Virginian read that the steamer "Bridgeport" would leave for Bridgeport at twelve, midnight.

The teeth of the colonel came together with a fierce snap as his eyes read the sign. The name was done and the prey run to earth at last.

The colonel advanced cautiously along the dock, and, concealed behind one of the pillars which supported the roof, saw the man he had tracked so patiently go up to the office of the steamer, pay his fare, and receive the key of his stateroom; then he went up the stairs which led to the upper cabin.

"Now I've got you!" the spy muttered, in fierce joy. "I must warn the officers in some way. The boat won't leave before twelve, and it's only about nine now. That gives me three hours to send a message to the detectives and get them here."

Then the colonel took out of his pocket a small memorandum book, and tore a leaf out of it. On the leaf he wrote:

"John Blaine is on steamer Bridgeport. Come at once or he'll be off. Steamer will leave at twelve to-night. I will be here until you come."

"(Signed). The man who gave information before."

Then he folded the leaf up, and on the outside directed it to Captain Kelso, Mulberry street.

"Now I must get some one to carry this," he muttered, as he walked down the dock toward the street, "for I mustn't leave this pier. This fellow is a slippery customer, and I don't intend to give him a chance to escape, not that I think though that he has any suspicion the meshes of the law are closing around him."

At the entrance to the dock he halted in the gateway.

"Some sharp boy would do" he said, communing with himself, "but the trouble is to find one."

Then he crossed over to the other side of the street, still keeping a sharp watch on the gateway.

In five minutes or so a ragged little fellow, evidently a newsboy or a boochlick, came along Catherine street, whistling merrily.

The Virginian took a good look at him, and guessed from his face that he was a sharp little fellow, so he called out to him:

"Come here, boy; I want you!"

The youngster stopped whistling and approached, evidently astonished at the summons.

"Do you want a job?"

"You bet!" replied the youth, tersely.

"Do you know where the police headquarters are, in Mulberry street?"

The boy looked at the colonel suspiciously for a moment before he answered the question. He and his tribe looked upon the police as natural enemies.

"Maybe I do," he replied, slowly, plainly inspired by a feeling of distrust.

"I want you to carry this note to Captain Kelso, at the police station in Mulberry street, as fast as you can go, and when you come back."

"I'll do it!" exclaimed the youth, clutching the "stamp."

"Be sure and don't forget the name, Captain Kelso."

"Oh, I know him. I blacks boots on Broadway, I does; I know 'em all!"

"And if the captain isn't there, give it to the next officer, or to the detectives, Irving or Lane."

As he spoke the laugh that was so musical and full of glee.

"I know 'em both, Cap."

"Now be off with you, fast as you can run," and the colonel gave the note into the boy's hand, and the youngster started up Catherine street at full speed.

"Now, John Blaine, the devil deserts you, and I'll have the handcuffs on your wrists before you are three hours older!" the colonel exclaimed, fiercely, as he returned to the pier.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JOHN BLAINE'S TERROR.

AND while the detectives were searching high and low for the escaped convict, John Blaine, scurrying through the thieves' dens, in "Bloody Sixth," the whisky shops of Maccavelle, and the haunts of crime "along shore," keeping diligent watch at the ferries and the railroad stations, that sagacious gentleman had remained quietly concealed in the Madison Avenue House.

As he had justly observed, who would think of looking for a State-prison bird in a "brownstone" cage? That was a point beyond the skill of the cutest detective in the force. Crime consorts with poverty and rags, not with wealth and costly garments.

Adjoining Ernestine's chamber was a little hall bedroom. In years gone by it had been the girls' play-room, and now had been transformed into a sort of wardrobe, or receptacle for trunks and other articles belonging to Ernestine in constant use. As it had been commonly kept locked, the hunted felon decided at once that it was the most suitable room in the house for him to take refuge in. And then, too, as a door communicated with the chamber of the girl, she could easily furnish him with food without exciting any suspicion.

And so John Blaine took possession of the little room, and the girl locked him in safely.

It was an easy matter to supply him with food, for the felon was a light, delicate eater, and the girl simply gave orders to serve her breakfast in her own room, and also had a lunch provided at night.

One of the first articles that Blaine had asked the girl to procure for him was a small hand mirror, and day by day the escaped convict anxiously consulted it, and, as he did so, cursed niggard nature that she had not gifted him with a heavy beard, that growing, would have served for a disguise.

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It was an easy matter to supply him with food, for the felon was a light, delicate eater, and the girl simply gave orders to serve her breakfast in her own room, and also had a lunch provided at night.

Then, planning out his method of escaping the keen search which he felt sure was still kept up for John Blaine, he put on his disguise and watched his opportunity to steal out of the house without attracting the attention of any of its inmates.

In the afternoon he had taken occasion to bid Ernestine good-by, and tell her that he should probably attempt to escape from the city that night.

And the girl, seated in the parlor, listening to Blackie's earnest conversation, seemingly with ears for the words of the man she loved alone, heard the jar of the door, cautiously, as the fugitive had closed it behind him, and she guessed quickly who it was that had stolen from the house, like a thief in the night, with noiseless footfall. Then in the heart of the girl swelled an earnest prayer that she might never look upon the handsome face of John Blaine again.

And Blaine himself, disguised in the light wig and dressed in a handsome business suit, covered by a dark overcoat, walked carelessly down the street with as little fear as though a heavy reward had not been set upon him, and the keenest detectives in all great New York were not searching night and day, eager to place the iron manacles upon his wrists and send him back again to the convict's cell within Sing-Sing's gloomy walls.

Confident in his disguise, the escaped felon would not have hesitated to have walked boldly by the whole force of the Central Office, but Blaine had the bump of caution well developed, and was not disposed to run needless risk, so he shaped his course to avoid the more crowded thoroughfares, where he might be apt to be caught by a detective officer.

Then, planning out his method of escaping the keen search which he felt sure was still kept up for John Blaine, he put on his disguise and watched his opportunity to steal out of the house without attracting the attention of any of its inmates.

Then he crossed over to the other side of the street, still keeping a sharp watch on the gateway.

In five minutes or so a ragged little fellow, evidently a newsboy or a boochlick, came along Catherine street, whistling merrily.

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96 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Our Arm-Chair.

Beadle's Dime Books.—We give place to the following unsolicited expression of opinion not because the BEADLE DIME NOVELS need any defense, but to show what are the views of intelligent and observant persons regarding the little books which have had, and are yet having, an immense circulation. The verdict of this wide-spread popularity ought to be conclusive evidence of intrinsic merit; but, since there are people who will not see good in any thing that is popular and cheap, we commend to their consideration this candid confession of one who made their mistake in misjudging what she had not examined. Taken in connection with the article quoted last week, from Rowell's *Newspaper Reporter*, it indirectly administers a caustic rebuke to those censors who are censors because of their ignorance of the true nature of the BEADLE DIME PUBLICATIONS:

BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS.

"I must acknowledge I have always held a prejudice against Dime Novels.

"I do not believe I could honestly tell how I came by it—for I must honestly confess that, until a few days ago, I never had read a page in one of them.

"But I have glanced at the little salmon covers with a sort of contempt, if not of horror, imagining them to be the hidden depositories of all sorts of harmful and pernicious spirits, better out of, than in, anybody's library or anybody's hands, written by literary adventurers who could not find a market for their wares anywhere else.

"In a letter to their publishers, some time since, I believe I expressed some such opinion as this, and especially denominated them as 'sensational, blood-and-death' structure 'trash.'

"Forthwith came a graceful and ready reply, in the shape of a little package of Dime Novels. And, as if to condemn me out of the mouths of my own sex, were they ladies' works, and bore such honored names as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. M. V. Victor, Mrs. M. J. Porter, Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Oakes Smith and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

"Well, I read them, and I hereby and herewith tender to the publishers and to the authors and authoresses of all the good Dime Novels ever written, my apology for being so conceited as to imagine myself wise enough to condemn that which I knew nothing at all about—doing just what a great many others do.

"And I am quite willing to speak a word here, to counteract the effects of prejudice, and invite others who think as I thought, to investigate for themselves. I wouldn't advise any one to read nothing else—that would be going to the other extreme. One could not live altogether on a diet of strawberries and cream, but it doesn't follow that a dish may not be very acceptable, once in a while.

"And, in my opinion, the occasional reading, in the hours of recreation, of one of Beadle's Dime Novels, will harm no one, who has a mind at all, or has come to any years of discretion. Young people who wish, in a lively way, to blend information and enjoyment, will find them a complete history and geography of the early times of our own country, and the struggles with the Indians; and old people, who remember these days for themselves, will find quite a feast of retrospection in these books—the romance of American Annals.

"And their cheapness places them within reach of everybody and anybody. They cost so little, and afford so much pleasure, it is no wonder that they are so widely circulated. The young people who wish, in a lively way, to blend information and enjoyment, will find them a complete history and geography of the early times of our own country, and the struggles with the Indians; and old people, who remember these days for themselves, will find quite a feast of retrospection in these books—the romance of American Annals.

MATTHEW DYER BRITTS."

Paradise Regained.—That this continent is far older than it seems we have daily evidence from the discoveries of Professors Marsh, Agassiz and their co-laborers; but, willing as we have been to accept their conclusions of man's existence in Miocene era, co-eval with the Megatherium and Plesiosaurus, we had no idea that evidence would be forthcoming of the actual location of Paradise within the confines of New York State. Such evidence has, however, been offered, and the chosen spot is Cooperstown.

In a late address, upon a gala occasion on Otsego Lake, Mr. Elihu Phinney made the astounding declaration that "Two-Mile Point" was the scene of Adam's Rise and Fall, and gave, with much minuteness of detail, the proofs of the existence there of the Garden, the Tree, the Apple, the Serpent, and the Original Sin, and added as a "clincher," the following additional testimony:

"The two Indian skeletons lately exhumed on the grounds of my friend, Mr. Clark, turn out, on close scientific examination, to be no Indians at all, but, beyond all peradventure, the mortal remains of our first parents, Adam and Eve. On the skull of the larger and longer of the two skeletons can be distinctly deciphered, though in dim outline, that profoundly interesting initial letter A—the first letter of the first name of the first man that ever lived. And on the skull of the smaller, female figure, can be discerned by those who 'take notice of what they observe,' the letter E—the first letter of the name of the first woman who ever lived. But, finally, and here skeptics must certainly stand from under, in the throat of the male figure, deeply lodged amongst the small bones, well-nigh calcined by the lapse of six thousand years, may be seen the identical apple—a fair pipkin—now of course indestructibly petrified, that choiced the progenitor of our race!

Cooperstown had many sins to answer for before this brilliant discovery; but, now that it has the Original Sin down on its list, board ought to be cheap to the preachers. The story sounds somewhat Phinney; but, Otsego Lake always was celebrated for its funny resources, and we are bound to credit the new claim for distinction.

With the bones of Adam, Eve and Fenimore Cooper in its keeping, who wouldn't "go in" for Otsego Lake?

Beaten at His Own Game.—The Arm-Chair once referred to the growing respect for American humor which the subjects of "Her Ma-

jesty" were showing—the great literary organ, *The Atheneum*, expressing the opinion that nothing in Great Britain was comparable to the wit and the talent for smile-provoking talk, which seemed indigenous to this country. This was an honest confession, and yet one so true that the confession can not be said to have been forced—everybody conversant with literature knows it to be true. One of the greatest "wags" we ever knew was the comedian, Dan Marble, who, along with the hard-drinking and enjoyable "Yankee Hill," used to make laugh on the boards and off, from Portland to New Orleans. Dan was especially noted for his big stories—some of which are, to this day, repeated with infinite gusto. But Dan sometimes found his match in "stretching things," of which the following is an instance:

Dan was one day strolling along the Boston wharves when he met a tall, gaunt Californian just returned from the "diggings," and at once began to question the gold-seeker as to the healthfulness of the Western coast, receiving this answ-

"Healthy! It ain't nothing else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that too without walking more than fifteen minutes. Just think of that the next cold morning you get out o' bed. There is a mountain there—the Sarra Nevada—and call it—with a valley on each side of it, one hot, and the other cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain, with a double-barreled gun, and you can, without movin', kill either summer or winter game, just as you wish."

"What! have you ever tried it?"

"Tried it! Often, and should have done very well but for one thing. I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze his tail off with p'pin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see; true as you live."

This fellow probably well knew who Marble was and gave him a dose of his own medicine. In this species of humor—for such the *Athenaeum* declares it to be—the American is unapproachable. If any nation ever made a science we have done it, and have on the strength of our success in that line gained a vast reputation for humor!

Chat.—Almost every day we meet with instances of incivility so coarse and reprehensible that sometimes we think the race of true gentlemen are running out. Go where you will you have cigar smoke puffed in your face—which is always an insult; the smoker should smoke where it had not person. So—with chewing tobacco and spitting. This tobacco-spitter seems to think it has a pre-emption right over cars, walks, floors and streets, on which to cast his vile mark. The tobacco-chever is, in three cases out of four, a very uncivil person in the matter of his disregard of the decencies of habit.—Then comes the person who crowds and jostles every one he passes. He is a nuisance and a boor, no matter whose son he is. His incivility is a mark of his low origin. No gentleman ever crowds or rudely jostles others.—The man who uses loud and unseemly words which others must hear, in public, is uncivil. A gentleman never is obtrusive, especially with his speech.—So runs the category. True civility is so rare that when we meet it we feel like asking the man for his address. What true civility? some one has thus happily expressed:

"True civility is not a mere superficial, skin-deep politeness—a candied deal of courtesy—the indiscriminate fawning of a spaniel—the grimaces of an untaught imposter; but a hearty wish to make others happy at our own cost, a much deference without hypocrisy or intrusion. Such civility implies self-sacrifice; and it has reached maturity after many struggles and conflicts. It is an art and a tact, rather than an instinct or an inspiration. It is the last touch, the crowning perfection of a noble character; it has been truly described as the gold on the spine, the sunlight on the cornfield, the smile on the lip of the noble knight, lowering his sword-point to his lady-love; and it results only from the trust balance and harmony of soul."

Which we command to the special consideration of that large class of men (and women too, for that matter) who leave their good manners at home when they venture out in the companionship of others.

SO NOW!

I THINK it is a downright shame for people to act as they do. I suppose you wonder what I've to scold about now. Well, I shan't let you wonder long. I hate to see people giving magnificent parties, costing—I don't know how many thousands of dollars, and never have them think of the hundreds of poor shop-girls, and sewing women, who barely can keep soul and body together, and to whom the price of one little diamond would be a fortune! God's plenty wasted and sacrificed on show! God's plenty wasted on frivolity! I wish I had the power of judgment. So now!

I hate to see my own sex with yards of silks or satin trailing on the ground, frittering away their time in idle gossip, when I know of a poor woman who toils all day, and who can afford nothing better for a best dress than a calico, and a cheap one at that. When I hear Miss Vanity talk of "excruciatingly tired" she often dances a few hours, and how much rest her delicate frame requires, I feel as if I'd just like to make her stand over a wash-tub all day, and rub, rub, rub. So now!

Look at the trunks going to Saratoga! I've heard it in the light of some persons' ambition to have the largest array of trunks when "summer" it at a watering-place. Pretty ambition, that is! It may be a handsome sight, but I think it would be a much prettier one to see a trunk packed full of good substantial clothing, fitting its way to the home of some destitute and deserving family, and I am old-fashioned enough to like such exhibitions myself. So now!

It was painful for me to see so many houses closed up, when I was in the city last summer, and know that their former inhabitants were away at some fashionable resort. I don't mean to say it was painful for me to know that they were having a good time, or that I'd deprive them of their pleasures; not I! But when I saw the poorer class of the community huddled together, and striving to keep cool by having their one door and window open, I just bit my lips and wondered if the Long-Branch reporters remembered that our Savior told us we were to remember the widow and the fatherless? And if so, why they don't do it? So now!

I am one of those who love to work for my church fairs, and I'll make as many pincushions, pen-wipers, bows and neckties as one wants; but I am Heathenish enough not to let the poor go hungry meanwhile, and I don't feel like waiting until the treasurer brings in his account, if I know some one actually needs money before then. I vote for money when it's most needed. So now!

Vote for money, when the Scripture says it is the root of all evil? You can't know what you are talking about, Eve!

I beg your pardon, but I do know what I'm talking about, and the Scriptures say nothing of the kind. It isn't money itself that is the root of all evil; it is the love of it. So now!

Just take money away from us, and how would we be able to get along at all? There'd be no going to Saratoga or Long Branch; no hearing of Nilsson or Parepa Rosa; no Peace Jubilee, and no wearing of Stewart's latest styles. So you see I am in the right when I

want plenty of money about, but I do want all so to not let it be all confined to the rich, because it must be an awful task to take care of so much, and really it would not be much trouble to those who see so little of it. So now!

But we are too heedless of others' wants; we don't think how many mouthfuls of bread we are depriving our less fortunate brothers and sisters of when we let a five-dollar bill slip onto the counter of the confectionery store for a few pounds of candy. And neither do you, gentlemen, give a thought of the dreadful waste when you're puffing away at your choicest cigars. I don't. And it's more shame for you that you don't. I say that you ought to—yes, and I say it emphatically, you ought to think of the money they are burning up to your own injury. So now!

You want to know if I've got through, eh? Yes, my dear, and I'm obliged to you for being so willing to listen to me. And if you'll agree with me in all I've said in this homily, and act up to it, I'll put you on my list of choicest friends. So now!

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Braddock's Defeat.

It was a great day for the citizens of Pittsburgh. Every body turned out to witness the skirmish. The furnaces and factories were all despatched.

General Braddock opened up the battle by sending a lot of skirmishers forward in omnibuses and wheelbarrows, with pockets full of railroad spikes, who opened fire on the French and Indians' advance guard, driving them into the ground, but a regiment of French coming up just then, armed with boots whose soles were an inch thick, the skirmishers thought it was about time to retire toward the distilleries, which they did very politely.

The British then advanced in two columns and several paragraphs, at the rate of forty dollars a column, and opened on the enemy with solid leaden matter, and the French columns were pied very suddenly. Just then Braddock got his brick-battery of mortar in position, and galled the French so bitterly that they had to put on their India rubber coats to keep the storm of shells off, and they sent in a remonstrance to Braddock that his firing was very offensive to them, inasmuch as the smoke blew in their eyes.

Braddock then sent forward the 15th Rifles to rifle the pockets of the enemy, but the French had planted a battery on the hill, and held it; and it grew rapidly and got so big that the British could not mow it off, and a good many were ironed out pretty flat in the attempt, and they received a check—for their baggage clear through.

Braddock, seeing how things were going, got mad and took an extra chew of tobacco, and sent forward a battalion armed with fire-crackers, which nearly frightened the Indians to death; they thought they were mitrailleuses, but to be a milliner or costumer. Tractable in disposition and amiable in character, he would perform the farm labors and garden tasks his mother appointed for him, but spent all his leisure hours in making his paper models of bonnets and dresses.

He grew up rapidly, a tall, slender boy, with a delicate constitution; and finally the mother took to him and he sought and easily obtained employment in a millinery establishment in Paris (Kentucky). He was sixteen years old when he there trimmed his first real bonnet. His hats were sought for by the Kentucky belles, and he was at once established as a milliner of renown in that section.

At the close of the war things were so

changed in Kentucky that such talent as he possessed was not in demand. The farm could not be worked to the same advantage as in ante-bellum days; and so he and his mother decided to turn their effects into money and come to New York. It proved a successful venture, for the young man soon made his mark and found an appreciative employer in the great merchant prince, and will, in all human probability, rise rapidly to be the Worth of New York. He is a practical dressmaker, as well as milliner, understanding both trades in all their details. His taste is exquisite, and he lacks nothing but a yearly trip to Paris and to the other great capitals of Europe—to study in the midst of art surroundings and attrition with other artists similarly engaged, to make him perfectly successful man in his line. He laughs good-humoredly at his own singular tastes, but says he would not, if he could, abandon his calling for another. He idealizes his work, and idolizes his mother, who is now supported by him.

When I had finished my interview with him I was obliged to confess I would not have him do anything but a milliner, just as I would not have Anna Dickinson any other than she is, the greatest of female orators. It seems to me that Almighty God means to give us a lesson in such developments. They teach us not to be so narrow as to limit the sphere of either sex.

Harry T. is undoubtedly an invader of the Woman's World, but, I do not know a woman who is injured by his invasion of her rights. Anna Dickinson may be out of woman's usual sphere, but no man or woman who has ever heard and seen her on the rostrum would say she was out of her own world or of a woman's world of duty. The day is gone when "pale Errina" are bound to the distaff to death the prison house of the mortal bars of the tortured body and warped mental faculties. Men and women are both allowed their natural development in this age.

We have in New York two men dress artists besides Harry T. They are of European birth and parentage, and have had their day of successful invasion of the Woman's World; but the American-born artist will, in all probability, surpass them. First, because his is an inspiration. He is a born milliner artist; they were simply brought up to a trade, hereditary in their families. Again, as I have remarked in a former article of foreign dressmakers in general, they neglect to visit Europe every year, for getting that artist life needs attrition with other artist minds and artistic surroundings to keep it alive. Harry T. is being in the employment of one who is able to foster his taste and talent, will be afforded that opportunity for cultivating his natural gift. Moreover, he is young, tractable, and amiable, and is evidently willing to wait for appreciation.

I know of one woman in this great city who, at her husband's death, pursued his trade of saddle and harnessmaker. She had some practical knowledge of the business, which she improved, and, hiring her own hands (men), came daily to the workshop, superintended the work, sat at the desk and mastered the book accounts, and now is an immensely wealthy woman, owning within beats to death the prison house of the mortal bars of the tortured body and warped mental faculties. Men and women are both allowed their natural development in this age.

The widow Cliquot, of champagne fame, and the widow Jouvin, of kid glove fame, are other examples of women proving themselves capable of continuing their husband's legitimate business. No one objects to that, and we should not object to men milliners and dressmakers, nor lace-makers, nor any other employment heretofore considered suitable for women only. In Europe there are thousands of men lace-weavers, and hundreds of men milliners and dressmakers.

In free America let us throw open wide the gates of trade and labor to both sexes. Mind and talent and genius have no sex; and all the mind and talent and genius in the world can never really *unsex* either men or women. Bring up a child in the way he or she should go, morally and religiously speaking; leave the rest to be developed in the absolute school of nature and truth.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

An Invasion of the Woman's World.—Men Milliners and Dressmakers.—How to Bring up a Child.

One day, while I was visiting the great dry-goods palace of New York, masking observations for fashion items, in the wholesale millinery department, a young man of about twenty years of age, tall, graceful and handsome, came out of the trimming-room at the

call of the superintendent, bringing a beautifully-trimmed bonnet in his hand to show to me. His artist face was all aglow with enthusiasm. "That bonnet," said the superintendent, in a low tone, to me, "is one of his own creations." He is a genius; there can be no doubt of it, and he has found his vocation. You would be surprised at the number of hats he can trim in a day, and no two alike. We think we have found a treasure. A few days ago he made an improvement in an imported hat called the "Taglioni," and we found several ready-trimmed specimens sell so rapidly we are duplicating them by hundreds, and he calls his creation the "Ready-and-Go-it."

While the superintendent was speaking, the young milliner had stopped at the further end of a long table where we were standing, to put up his "

FATE.

BY E. REENE CARROLL.

"Goodby!" my boyish lover said,
And lower bent his handsome head,
Till fresh unsullied lips pressed mine,
Unsoiled by oath, unstained by wine—
While breaking heart and tear-stained face
Were sheltered in his strong embrace.

Ah me! he could not call the wall;
The robin, singing on the wall;
From far-off fields, the ocean's low,
The apple-blooms, that fell like snow,
The clear, brown eyes that leaned above,
And drew my answering glance of love.

He went from me to write his name
On Honor's scroll, in lines of flame;
To win for me, in Fate's despite,
A home, a wife, a child, a mate;
But, ship that bore him from the shore,
Was never seen by mortal, more.

"Adieu!" my boyish lover said,
And over my hand he beat his head.
My hand—whereon his jewels shone—
"I'll claim this soon, my love, my own!"
He left me smiling, blithe and gay;
I, calm and careless, turned away.

He came to claim my promised faith
Through stony ways of thorn and death;
And won me all that wild claim—
A stately home, an honored name;
All—yet 'twas far beyond his art,
To give me this—a happy heart!

For, how could heart or face be gay,
Remembering still that earlier day?
When far beneath some unknown sea,
The eyes that lit me were for me;
And faded from the earth and skies
The girl whose wear to happy eyes!

Ah! even in my stately halls,
All day a step behind me falls;
And often, in the moonless night,
A face arises, warm and bright;
More dear than all earth's faces seem
The face that greets me in my dreams.

What the "Journal" Did.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"You are a curious girl, Netta."

"Am I? Pray what is it have been doing now?"

Netta Helwyn looked up from her work—an elaborate smoking-cap it was, of rich, royal purple and brilliantly-gleaming gold—with a smile on her pretty, girlish face and an expression full-roguish, half-depredatory in her winsome brown eyes.

For answer, Lulie Vandyne pointed silently at the smoking-cap, over which Netta's deft fingers were flying. And then, Netta suddenly blushed.

"Oh! you mean I am curious because of Warner Dale? Why, where is the harm of my making him this cap for a philistine present?"

A spice of defiance in Netta's tones betrayed a greater interest at stake than she cared to manifest.

"A great deal of harm, Netta, considering that we all know so little good of Mr. Dale. But, you are a curious girl, I said."

Lulie's face was slightly clouded now, for she saw symptoms of her friend's hasty temper; then, with a charming cunningness, she suddenly changed her tactics.

"If there isn't Harry Emerson, Netta! Look up quick or you'll lose his bow!"

But, Miss Helwyn was in no special hurry, and so lost what Lulie was so anxious she should have.

"I would have looked up if it had been Mr. Dale," she said, and looked saucily at Lulie as she said it. "Because," she went on, with charming ingenuousness, and her sweet face bent lower over the gay wordsteds and braids, till they borrowed a pink tinge from her incarnadine cheeks—"truth to tell, Lulie, I don't care a snap for Harry Emerson any longer—not since I became acquainted with Warner—Mr. Dale, I mean. Harry is so old-fashioned and such a soberness, and—"

"And so true and honest-hearted and upright! While Warner Dale, just because he is handsome as some Italian bandit, and romantic, and stylish, and a stranger with plenty of money to spend, has turned your head, and wounded poor Harry to the quick."

Lucie had suddenly taken Netta's words from her lips, and in her impulsive, enthusiastic way drew a picture that was true to the life.

"Well!" said Netta, after a while, and her voice was pitched in a dogged tone that Lulie knew it was useless to combat, "I presume I am the best judge of my own taste. And I decidedly prefer Mr. Warner Dale."

She began to work in her golden threads with a decisive air as if the matter were settled; and Lulie, with a grave little nod of her head, compressed her lips, and the subject tacitly dropped for the time.

Lucie Vandyne had told the truth when she described Warner Dale as being "handsome, romantic, stylish, a stranger with plenty of money to spend."

He was remarkably good-looking—in a certain dashing way that many persons admire—that little Netta Helwyn, who had read so many trashy novels, who had always signed for some out-of-the-ordinary-way style of love and courtship, who had always firmly believed she would have a romance some time or other, enthusiastically admired.

He was well read and refined, and Netta was off with pleasure parties from the hotel, with Mr. Warner Dale for her devoted cavalier. And when the moonlight nights came, and poor, heavy-hearted Harry walked over to the Helwyn farm-house, hoping to find Netta alone, somewhere among the vines, where she used to go the last summertime when she thought Harry was coming, he would be dead sure to see Mr. Warner Dale and Netta sitting at one end of the veranda talking very low, and Netta with the blue ribbon of her guitar around her neck, while mother and father and neighbor Dodge were discussing some weighty question on the other end.

And yet, withal, Harry fairly worshiped Netta Helwyn. He knew, from the very bottom of his heart, that he would do any thing, every thing to recover her, and save her from marrying Warner Dale, who he knew was not just the kind of man he would like to have his sister marry, much less this girl he loved so himself, whose worse fault was that she was so willfully blind.

What should Harry do? Then, like an inspiration, it occurred to him that there was a friend he had had a long time—ever since he and Netta had been such good friends. Harry remembered sundry bits of good advice given by this friend, and so he wrote to the "SATURDAY JOURNAL" and asked what course he had better pursue under the circumstances.

A manly, straightforward letter it was, just such a letter as perfectly revealed his fine character. And the answer he read, was manly, straightforward, sensible, kind, as became the adviser.

This answer, that we have all read, only, of course, no amount of money could bribe me to tell which especial answer in SATURDAY JOUR-

NAL'S column I mean—this answer bade Harry keep on in the even tenor of his way and worry as little as possible. And if the girl's head was only a little dazed, her eyes would doubtless be opened in due season; but, if it was her heart that was captivated by this rival, and she openly avowed it, then Harry had every reason to congratulate himself on his escape.

So, with a consciousness that it was only Netta's head that was turned, Harry gladly accepted the good advice, and waited.

The first frosty breath of October had lent new glory to field and forest; and over the vivid brightness of the gay foliage that nodded in the fresh wind, poor little Netta Helwyn was looking with wistful, unrestful longing in her brown eyes.

It was the first shadow those bonny eyes had ever worn in all the fresh young life that had counted less than a score of times the leaves had fallen; now, with unshed tears making her dense mists, Netta Helwyn was reaping the harvest that came from the seed she had sown.

It was a splendidly-written, elegantly, coldly-read note she had read, and read, and again that day; a note Warner Dale had written a moment before he paid his landlord's bill, and jumped aboard the city-bound train, never to return to the quiet country town where he had so cruelly wounded Netta Helwyn's heart, where he had taught her the bitter lesson of disappointed hopes.

It had been a fearfully-bitter draught for her lips to taste, and when Netta first discovered it—by this note—that she had only been a toy in Warner Dale's hands—a novel, pretty toy, to help amuse him during a summer's vacation—a toy he had tired of just in time—that he would forget, if so be his conscience would let him again—when little Netta, who had discarded Harry Emerson, who had more than once angered dear, faithful Lulie Vandyne, who had grieved mother and father by her perverseness, learned what it all had come to—simply a formal, careless "good-by" forever, from yours gratefully, Warner Nelson Dale—"she wondered if the chill in her heart would ever go away, or if the clouds that seemed to lower over all her future pathway could ever lighten.

And the worst of it was, she was obliged, for very shame's sake, to bear her burden alone. Any other trouble she would have told Lulie, mother, or—or—and Netta covered up her tear-swelled, crimson face with the shawl she had thrown over her shoulders—or Harry! Harry always was so sympathetic, and could so exactly appreciate her feelings, although in this particular case she hardly dared think of him.

She didn't know what to do, or where to turn. She only was conscious of one distinct feeling, and two indistinct wishes. And the feeling was, that she was the most forlorn girl in all the world, and the wishes were, that she only had never had Warner Dale cross her path; if only she dared tell Harry Emerson all about it!

But she didn't dare; and then, sitting all cuddled up in the warm woolen shawl, in her frosty bedroom, something very like Madame Fate stalked in, and Netta suddenly found herself pouring out her whole heart to—SATURDAY JOURNAL. What should she do? she asked; how could she mend matters? and then, as she never could have told Lulie Vandyne, or mother, or Harry either, she told this discreet advisor just how foolish she had been, how repentant she was.

How she waited for the next paper, and the next, and the third week she found what she wanted.

The paper had printed her sweet, touching story almost entire, and then, with terse kindness, added: "Show this to him."

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the conjecture of a stranger to Spanish California.

With one accustomed to its fashions, the deduction will be different. Looking at the spiced señoritas upon the house-top, and seeing the saddled horses below, he will conclude that two of the latter will soon be mounted by the former; in the mode by which the famed Duchesse de Berri was accustomed to astonish the Parisians.

The other two horses having larger, and somewhat coarser, saddles, are evidently intended to be bestriden by gentlemen, so that the cavalcade will be symmetrically composed—two and two of each sex.

From their position the two observers can see the fast-increasing city of San Francisco, and the slipping in the harbor. This is northeast and a little to their left. Other vessels ride an anchor on the bay in front of them. But the war-ship that has been a topic of their conversation is anchored far out—in a south-easterly direction, and a little to their right.

Up to this time the eyes of both ladies—Carmen and Inez—have been continuously bent upon her, as if they expected to see a boat put off from her side. It is only on Inez casting a stray glance along the town road, that she sees the two men, whose approach has changed the topic of conversation.

After delivering these speeches, so nearly alike in sound, yet so opposite in sentiment, they remain for a time silent, their eyes turned toward the approaching horsemen. These are still more than a mile off, and only distinguishable as two men mounted and wearing *manillas*—one scarlet, the other sky-blue.

Despite the distance, it is evident, from their speech, that the ladies have identified both. Still more when Dona Carmen, as it mechanically pronounces the names:

"Francisco de Lara and Faustino Calderon."

The frown that came over her face on first seeing them is still there. And stays, as she continues to speak of them.

"Do you think they are coming here?" she asks.

"It is very likely," rejoins Inez. "I should say almost certain."

"I wonder what can be bringing them—to-day of all days?"

"You need not wonder at that," says Inez, in a jocular tone. "I can tell what one of them wants. Don Francisco's errand is to have a look at the mistress of this mansion."

"And Don Faustino's to have a look at her niece, no doubt."

A single glance gives this information to both of the cavaliers. Now they know why they could not be received. The señoritas are going out on a ride—a *paseo de campo*—along with their rivals!

The excursionists, of course, will have every opportunity of doing what they may desire. They will get separated two and two; and there can be no doubt as to how this partition will be made. Crozier to pair off with Carmen, the other with Inez. Thus they will ride unmolested, unobserved, converse without fear of being overheard, clasp hands without danger of being seen; perhaps exchange kisses!

Oh, the dire, damnable jealousy!

Frank Lara feels it in every vein. Don Faustino, too.

After gazing a while at the house, the horses and groom—at the preparations for mounting, made in a magnificent style—looking back, as Satan when expelled from Paradise—both spur down the hill, and are soon out of sight.

At its bottom they again halt; De Lara drawing up first. Facing to his companion, he says:

"We're in for a fight, Faustino; both of us!"

"Not both. I don't think I'm called upon to challenge that young *guardia-marinha*. He's but a boy, without a single hair on his face."

"He's been man enough to insult you; and if I mistake not, you'll find him man enough to meet you. But, come; we're wasting time. A duel's a thing won't do to dream over. Do you intend to fight or not?" De Lara spoke in hot fervor and impatience, evidently angered at the other's apathy or cowardice.

"I'd rather not," replies Calderon, hesitatingly. "That is, if the thing can be arranged without—Do you think it can, De Lara?"

"Of course it can; your thing, as you call it. But not without disgrace to you."

"Well, if you think I ought to call him out, and must, why, I suppose I must. But I never fired a pistol in my life, and am only second-rate with the rapier. I can handle a *mache* with most, or a *cuchilla*; but these weapons won't be admitted in a duel between gentlemen. I suppose the sailor fellow claims to be one?"

"Undoubtedly he does; and with good reason. An officer belonging to an American man-of-war would call you out for questioning such a claim. But, come, Faustino! You use the small sword with considerable skill. I've seen you at Woberto's fencing school."

"Yes, I took lessons there."

"Well, let that be your weapon."

"But how can it, if I am to be the challenger?"

"You needn't be. There's a way to get over that. Those fellows are not going straight back to their ship. They'll be in the town to-night for a cruise, as they call it, and you'll be sure to meet your man. Go up to him, and in some way insult him grossly. Give him a cuff, spit in his face, any thing; and then wait for him to challenge you."

"Carrasco! I'll do as you say."

"That's right. Now let us think of what's before us. As we're both to be principals, we can't stand seconds to one another. I know one who'll act for me. Have you got a friend that will do the same for you?"

"Don Manuel Lozada; he's the only one I can think of."

"Don Manuel will do. He's a cool hand, and knows all the regulations of the duello. But he's not at home to-day. As I chance to know, he's gone to a *funcion de gallos* at Punta Arena, beyond the Dolores Mission. By this time he'll be in the cockpit."

"Why can't we go there? or had we better send?"

"Better send, I think. Time's precious; at least mine is. You know I must be at the *monte-table* as soon as the lamps are lit. If I'm not, the bank will go begging, and we may lose half our customers. Besides, I have my own second to look up; which must be done before I lay hand upon the cards. What time is it? I've not got my watch with me."

"Twelve and a quarter past," answers Calderon, consulting his *relojito*.

"Only that. Then there's plenty of time for us to get to Punta Arena, and see a man or two. Don Manuel has a big bet on his *pardo*. I'd like to stake a double or two myself on that same cock. Yes, on reflection, we'd better go ourselves. It'll be the surest way to secure the services of Lozada."

At this the two gamblers moved off, taking the road for Punta Arena.

Their jealous anger still unappeased, they spur their horses into a gallop, riding as if for life, on an errand of death!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

Cad's Correspondent.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I've such a piece of news to tell you!" cried Lucia Payne, as she fluttered into the Densmore parlor like a whirlwind, one morning; "such a piece of news! Lottie Harper's married!"

"You don't mean it!" cried little Cad Densmore, catching some of Lucia's enthusiasm over the prospect of fresh subject for gossip.

"But I do, though," answered Lucia. "You never could guess who to."

"Do tell," entreated Cad.

"A young man from the city; his name is Sherwin. Such a romantic affair, too. You know Lottie was to be scribbled for the papers a little. Well, this Sherwin found out her address at some newspaper office, and wrote to her. She answered his letter, and a correspondence sprang up between them, and the end of it is, they're married. It's just like a story, isn't it, for all the world?"

"Exactly," responded Cad. "If I could write stories, now, instead of poetry, I'd make it into an article for the next week's *Sentinel*. 'A story from real life,' or, 'A true story,' you know. Wouldn't that sound nice?"

"Of course it would," said Lucia, very decidedly. "But I must run over and tell the MacGregor girls. I thought I must let you all know about it, it's so romantic."

"Dear me," sighed Cad, after Lucia had gone, "how nice it must be to have a correspondent that one doesn't know anything about. It's so much more interesting than to get letters from some one you know. I don't see why I can't have one. The next piece of poetry I send to the *Sentinel*, I'm going to put my post office address to, and see if some one won't write to me."

Cad sat down that very afternoon and wrote a piece of poetry for the village paper, signing her initials only, C. N. D., and adding the name of her post-office. This she sent off, hoping that it would attract somebody's attention and secure her a correspondent.

Cad could hardly believe her senses when Tom, her sixteen-year-old brother, brought her a letter about two weeks after that, addressed to "C. N. D." in a strange hand.

"It must be from some one who saw my poetry," cried Cad, with sparkling eyes; "do you suppose it is, Tom?"

"Open it and see," said Tom; "that's the best way to tell."

Full of eager impatience, Cad tore open the envelope, and drew out a sheet of paper closely

written over in a very peculiar, scratching hand.

"It's signed Kirk Wood," announced Cad, after an inspection of the last page—"pretty name, isn't it? And—yes—he does want to correspond with me, for he says, 'Having read some of your beautiful poems in the *Sentinel*, published in your village, I am anxious to know something of their fair authoress. The editor of that paper, with whom I have a slight acquaintance, told me that the writer of the poems, which I so much admired, was a charming young lady, but would not reveal her name. When the last one came out with the initials 'C. N. D.' attached, and the address of his author's post office, I resolved to write, and would like to correspond for the sake of mutual improvement, and a desire on my part to know more of the fair poetess.' Isn't it nice, Tom?"

"I don't see any remarkable indications of genius about it," answered Tom, trying hard to conceal an evident desire to laugh.

"I didn't mean any thing of that kind," said Cad, indignantly; "I mean the idea of having an unknown correspondent."

"Yes—very nice," answered Tom, hastening to make his exit. Something seemed to give him a good deal of amusement, for he made extraordinary nods and grimaces to the hat-rack, and went through a series of subdued chuckles, and ended by performing a double-shuffle on the door mat, ending with the declaration that he knew it was going to be jolly.

That evening Cad answered Mr. Kirk Wood's letter. In a week she had another from him. After that they came and went between them with great regularity, and Cad learned to look very impatiently for the letter from her unknown correspondent.

"I'd rather not," replies Calderon, hesitatingly. "That is, if the thing can be arranged without—Do you think it can, De Lara?"

"Of course it can; your thing, as you call it. But not without disgrace to you."

"Well, if you think I ought to call him out, and must, why, I suppose I must. But I never fired a pistol in my life, and am only second-rate with the rapier. I can handle a *mache* with most, or a *cuchilla*; but these weapons won't be admitted in a duel between gentlemen. I suppose the sailor fellow claims to be one?"

"Undoubtedly he does; and with good reason. An officer belonging to an American man-of-war would call you out for questioning such a claim. But, come; we're wasting time. A duel's a thing won't do to dream over. Do you intend to fight or not?" De Lara spoke in hot fervor and impatience, evidently angered at the other's apathy or cowardice.

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THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

WOULD THOU COULDST SEE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

World then couldst see mirrored in mine eyes
The words my throbbing heart would say,
But, unpronounced each word hidden lies,
Which through Love's labyrinth lost its way.

Each fond affection that lives for thee,
Yea, each tender thought that to thee flies
When thou art far and I think of thee—
Would thou couldst see them mirrored in mine eyes.

World then couldst see mirrored in mine eyes
The love in my heart for thee I hold;
Then shall swear shall reach the skies,
For their strength shall grow doublefold.

If the world were cold and thou alone,
And I saw thee in anguish and cries,
Were every heart as hard as a stone,
Then Pitiful were mirrored in mine eyes.

World then couldst see mirrored in mine eyes
Each kind feeling that springs from my heart,
In thy complaint they would soothe thy sighs—
Thou wouldst think we never could live apart.

And, when ago grows my once youthful bairn,
Shouldst be with me, when my last hour dies,
And thou, too, older in years than now,
It were sweet to have these close mine eyes!

A Brush with "Roadmen."

BY FREDERICK DEWEY.

"GENTS," said our driver, as the coach crept up a long ascent, "here is the place where I had the three-mile dash two years ago."

"What dash?" inquired Pepper.

"The brush with the notorious roadman, Slim Pete."

"Who was Slim Pete?"

"Pepper!" I commanded, sternly. "Don't ask questions and perhaps the driver will tell the story. I am sure it must be interesting. Now don't intrude, Pepper. Remember young men should be seen, not heard!"

"I am dumb!" He was an obedient knave, that Pepper, only a trifl too prying and inquisitive.

The driver smiled and continued:

"Now, gentlemen, please notice the country behind us. You see it is level prairie for two miles back, and then there is a big 'draw,' or gully, where we stalled in the mud awhile ago. Over this hill, (as you will see when we reach the summit) it is principally timber. Well, I was driving on this same route then, between the last station, Barker's Creek, and Brown's Ranch. That was before Kansas was settled much. Well, one afternoon I took the reins from Sandy Moore at Brown's, and drove off with one passenger, a heavy-set, sturdy man. He looked as if he had roughed it considerably, as he was tanned up, and his clothes were made for hard wear.

"He was evidently about fifty and very nervous.

"He appeared to be expecting some person to overtake him, as he frequently glanced over his shoulder.

"After we had gone about five miles he became more restless and fidgety, and kept looking back every minute. I thought he was expecting a friend, and wishing to have a talk, I spoke to him.

"Expecting some one?"

"Yes! that is to say, n-no."

"I thought you were, as you looked back so often."

"I have a good cause to look back."

"Yes?" I answered, Yankee fashion.

"He touched me on the shoulder and looked keenly at me.

"Driver, are there any desperate men in this region?"

"Plenty. You have heard of Slim Pete. Well, he is about here somewhere, though he generally keeps dark."

"He appeared relieved, and began to whistle 'Dixie Tucker.' All at once he spoke out again right to the point, as before.

"Driver, there is a man following me."

"Ha!" thinks I. "He does expect some one." I asked aloud: "Who?"

"But I know it. See here, driver, I might as well tell you. I have money with me, and not a small amount either. It is ten thousand dollars."

"There was a man at the last station saw me pull out a sum of money from which I paid for my dinner, and I'll stake my life he is skulking through the bushes after me. I saw him. Yes, sir! only a few minutes ago. Did you see a short man with long black hair and mustache, leaning against the door as we drove away from the station?"

"Yes. I remembered seeing a stranger at the ranch. I had seen him before, though to tell where, I couldn't, to save my life. I was trying to recollect, when he touched my elbow and whispered:

"Look back!"

"I turned and saw a horseman ride into a clump of bushes half a mile behind."

"He's after me, I am sure! drive on, and let us get to the next station or I'll lose my money."

"Nonsense," said I. "If he wanted your money he wouldn't show himself so plain. Robbers are sly."

"I don't care for that! I know he is after my money." He glanced over his shoulder uneasily, as he said this, and was really alarmed. We had arrived to the top of a hill, the summit on which we are now. Whoa, boys! Now, gentlemen, look behind and notes that clump of trees off to the left while I go on with the story."

"When we had arrived here at the top, he suddenly exclaimed:

"See! yonder is another horseman, stealing along the edge of that clump of trees."

"He pointed to the timber at which you are now looking. Sure enough a man was stealing through the bushes on the border of the wood. Though quite far away I could see he was tall and slender, and mounted on a cream-colored horse."

"Whew! I knew as soon as I saw him it was Slim Pete on his cream mare. My passenger was in a fix sure enough, and without any more talk I whipped up and started down the hill on a gallop. As soon as the horseman saw this movement he dashed out of the timber and galloped toward the coach. I looked back for the man behind."

"Instead of one man there were two, both coining with their horses on the keen jump as if to overtake us."

"I now saw mischief, and laid the lash on the leaders, and we fairly flew down the hill. If they meant robbery, nothing but speed would save us, as the passenger was almost out of his wits and fit for nothing."

"Here we were, pushing for Barker's with two desperate men on swift horses behind us, and one in front, trying to head us off."

"Drive on!" yelled my passenger, nearly crazy with fear. "Drive on! give me the whip!"

"He tried to take it from my hand."

"Leave it alone!" I shouted, getting excited myself. "Let it be, or I will strike you with it."

I am driving this team." He drew back, shivering.

"Thank the Lord we were going down-hill, and mighty fast too. But Pete was gaining on us."

"He was running at right-angles to us and evidently striving to get in our front. There was a gully which ran parallel with the road for several miles. It was broad and deep. In order to 'head' us, Pete would have to leap the gully. He saw it, and knowing the width spurred his horse to the leap.

"Few horses could have cleared it, but Pete's mare was the best animal in Northern Kansas, and when I saw him gallop toward it I gave up all hope."

"We had just got to the bottom of the hill when Pete was rushing for the gully. Bending until his head nearly touched the horse's neck, he drove his spur into her flanks, gave a wild whoop, and then—the horse and rider were rolling in the bottom of the gully. The band had given way under the mare's feet."

"Ha! I stopped my horses and spring to the ground, calling to the passenger to follow. Drawing my bowie (we all carried them then, sir) I hastily cut the leaders' traces and check-lines, and told the man to mount one of the horses. We had no time to waste, for the men behind were coming down the hill like the wind and Slim Pete was reounting on this side of the gully. The robbers were in dead earnest and meant to catch us, but we were now beside the leaders, two fine young horses with light heels."

"A shriek from Susan and the hoarse cry of the captain, who had witnessed all:

"Man overboard! Back main-yard! Down larboard boat!"

"He was obeyed, but nothing was seen of Henry. Although he was known to be a good swimmer, yet he was not seen to rise again."

"The men, horror-stricken, looked into each other's faces. The accident was so sudden—the result so unexpected—for all had thought they would see the young mate come up, after his plunge—that every man was speechless. The captain first found voice.

"He has been drawn under—caught under the ice!" he gasped. "We will never see him again!"

He returned aboard.

"Father!" gasped Susan, staggering toward him, as white as death. "Father! I—I—I—"

"She could say no more. Like a lump of ice, she fell senseless to the deck."

"Compose yourself, my child!"

"Where is Henry?—my Henry!"

Her father sat by the berth in which she had been laid.

"Bring me Henry or kill me!" she answered, pitifully.

"You will never see him again; he is drowned!"

She moaned in her agony; then she started up, shrieking, quickly:

"Father, I am his murderer!"

"No—no—it was not your fault! You could not help dropping your pocketbook, nor prevent his trying to get it!" answered the captain.

"Yes, I could. I dropped it on purpose, just to see him get it for me; but I did not dream of his falling overboard."

She sank back on her couch; her father could hear her heart beat.

"She'll not live two days if she goes on this way," he thought.

In fact, the knowledge that it was her own "foolish vanity" as she now called it, which had brought about her lover's death, threatened to throw her into a brain fever.

"At that same time my companion fired, and the next man went tumbling out of his saddle, while his horse fell over the cream mare. The third man was riding so fast and was so close behind, he could not stop in time, and his horse stumbled and fell, and Slim Pete, with a wild cry, threw up his arms and fell with the man—falling under her.

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"Dispatching the traveler to Barker's for assistance, I cautiously walked into the gully, with my revolver in readiness for use. But there was no necessity for it now, as they were all severely wounded, either by falling or by our bullets. When the men arrived from Barker's, they were all lifeless.

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A SAD CASE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Life was to him the hardest row
On which he ever rode,
Care over on him hung, and lo
It was a heavy load;
And everywhere that he would go
It spurred him like a goad.

He had full many things to rue
For he had been quite rude,
With everyone except a few
He was no friend,
Yet why he e'er was in a stew
He never understood.

In others' business to pray
He always took a pride;
He ne'er was known to give a sign
To sufferers at his side,
And always took a part of rye
When he would take a ride.

He never bowed a plaintive knee
When he was in sore need,
Nor gave a very generous fee
For all his earthly need,
And trusted naught but fate, which we
Consider but a weed.

He often touched the flowing bowl
To make his spirits bold,
With a noble heart and earthly goal
Of bright and yellow gold,
And though his boots had ne'er a sole,
No one was harder-souled.

He always listened, as I knew,
To other people's news,
And strove not to some people do
To give all men their dues;
And sometimes tried to hand at loo,
At which he'd often lose.

Against the rights of men he'd war
Impetuously and warm,
He saw the poor down-trodden are,
But never gave his arm,
Nor longed to see each, near and far,
Possess a goodly farm.

To see the faults of other men
He deemed that was meant,
With friends he had but one in ten
He had but one intent,
Ever to make his heart a pen
And keep his feelings pent.

The ill that often crossed his way
Broke o'er him like a wave,
And long before his head was gray
He went into the grave,
And that all we could do or say
Is powerless to save.

Strange Stories.

THE LADY OF THE GLEN.
A Legend of Glenfinlas.

BY AGILE PENNE.

By Moneira's sullen brook, in the deep Glenfinlas glen, within a cabin rude, reposed two highland chieftains, Lord Ronald, Glenartney's statelyst tree, and moody May, Clangillian's lord.

Better soldier than joyous Lord Ronald never drew broad claymore or bent the Scottish yero. Lenny's Pass, by the Teith's resounding shore, had seen the rush of Ronald's clan and the flight of the lowland chieftains before the fierce array.

And dark-browed May, last of Clangillian's mighty line, in Colombia's mystic isle, the Seer's prophetic spirit had found. Full many a spell of earth and air to him was known, which wandering spirits shrunk to hear. 'Twas said, that oft in mystic mood high converse with the dead he held and oft espied the fated shroud that would some future corpse enfold. To him the gift of second sight was given.

A guest within Lord Ronald's halls, with that noble chief for three days, had gloomy May chased the red deer along Glenfinlas' gray sides, and now, in the hunting lodge deep within the glen, the two reposed.

The watch-fire burned upon the hearth, and pleasure lay in Ronald's eyes, as many a pledge of mountain dew he quaffed to May, who, gloomy and reserved, wrapped in his plaid, glowered over the burning fagots.

"May, a secret to thee I'll tell," Lord Ronald abruptly said. "To chase the deer along the mountain's side this morning two girls, the fairest of our highland maids, left their father's castle, the daughters of the proud Glengyley. Long have I sought to win the love of the youngest of the twain, fair Mary, but in vain the lover's wily art beneath a sister's watchful eye; but thou may teach that watchful maid of other hearts to cease her care and make her mindful of her own. Touch but their harp and thou shall see the lovely Flora, unmindful of aught else, hang on thy notes, her face 'twixt tear and smile."

Mournful was the smile of May, and slowly he shook his head.

"Since Erick's fight and gentle Morna's death, no more for me the melting kiss or yielding eye," he sadly said. "And then, in that hour of anguish wild, on me the Seer's sad spirit came; to dash all hope of joy, the gift to me was given the future ill to know. The bark thou saw on a summer morn part from the sand of Oban's shore, mine eyes beheld, wrecked and torn on rocky Colonsay. And Fergus, too, thy sister's son; you saw him as forth he marched in gallant pride against the Laird of Downe. You saw the tartans wave as down the wooded pass they wound and heard the pibroch's shrill note and the target's clanking sound; I heard the groans and marked the tears, saw the wound his bosom bore, when on the Saxon's steered steel he poured his clan's resistless rush. And now, when thou bidst me think of bliss and woman's lovely charms, my heart, oh, Ronald, bleeds for thee. I see the death-damps gathering on thy brow, I hear thy anguished cry; before my eyes the corpse lights dance, and now—the vision's o'er."

Slowly May closed his blazing eyes, and with his tarten wiped away the bead-like drops which clustered on his brow.

But Ronald's blood beat high in every vein, and he laughed to scorn the Seer's prophetic words.

"Sad prophet of an evil hour, enjoy thy dreams alone," Lord Ronald said. "Why should we scorn the bliss of love because on the morrow the storm may break? But, sooth or falsehood thy prophetic speech, my heart can never sink, even though I know that my blood is doomed to stain the Saxon spear. Even now, to meet me in yonder dell, my Mary's footsteps brush the dew. Farewell! I'll leave thee to thy sad reflections, while I'll forth to meet my own true love."

Rising to his feet, and whistling to the hounds to follow close at heel, he left the shelter of the lodge.

The night was soft and the sky calm; the moon, half-hid in silvery flakes, shone down on wood and dell, quivered on Katrine's distant lakes and crowned Benledis's head.

Sad were May's prophetic dreams as, bending over the dying flame, he fed the watch-fire blaze.

Within an hour each hound returned. With melancholy howls they rushed within the lodge, and trembling in affright, kept close to May with shivering limbs and stifled growls.

No Ronald came, though the midnight hour was at hand, and, as the last minute of the hour passed away, untouched, the minstrel harp of May began to sound.

Slowly and softly opened the door; sure it was never touched by mortal hands.

Lightly a footstep pressed the floor, and by the watch-fire's glimmering light, close by the side of May, appeared a huntress maid. All dripping wet were her robes of green, and her face and form were of beauty rare.

Bending over the dying gleam of the watch-fire, she rung the moisture from her hair. A maiden's gentle blush was on her cheek as, turning to May, she spoke.

"Oh, noble huntsman, hast thou seen in Glenfinlas' moonlight glade a maiden fair clad in vest of green, and with her is a highland chief, his tarten is of the Glenartney plaid, and the bonnet clasp that he wears tells that he is of the race of great Macgillianore!"

All gashly pale, dark-eyed May gazed into the face of the lady fair; a fiend from the neither shades could not have more appalled him.

"And who art thou?" he cried in accents wild and fierce. "And why beneath the moon's pale beams darst thou roam Glenfinlas' side?"

"Where Loch Katrine pours her tide, blue, dark and deep, round many an isle, my father's towers overhang the wave. I am the daughter of the bold Glengyley. This day amid the woodland grove, my sister and myself met the son of great Macgillianore. Aid me to seek the pair, whom this eve, loitering in the wood, I lost. Alone I dare not venture, for in the coppice drear there walks, they say, many a dismal ghost."

"Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there," the gloomy Seer replied, while his life-blood ran cold in every vein; "but ere I aid thee in thy search, my own sad vow I must keep, and raise to heaven the midnight prayer."

"No, no!" the maiden quickly said. "Oh, first, for pity's gentle sake, guide a lone wanderer on her way. I must cross the haunted muir rather than see you toady around a whimsical relative for the riches to be left some day—fairy godmother though she may be."

"Thanks—but—"

"Give me the froth from the wine that is sweet—you may take the bitter draught if you are so disposed—I wouldn't advise it. You agreed, I suppose."

"Oh, shame to knighthood! Go and don the bonnet from thy brow and hide thee in a monk's garb, which best befits thy sullen vow. Not so did thou answer when by high Dunlathorn's fire thy heart, by lively Morna's melting eye, was turned to love, and thy harp sung of more than mortal bliss."

Wide stared the dark eyes of May, and high upon his head the sable locks arose. Quick his color came and went, as rage and fear alternate swelled within his heart.

"And thou that knowest of that hour of bliss," he wildly cried, "where hid ye then? Rode ye on the curling smoke or on the bosom of the wind? I ken ye well, spirit of the glen, not thine a race of mortal blood, not thine old Glengyley line. Thy sister was the Monarch of the Mine; thy mother, the lady of the flood."

And then rising to his feet, stern May repeated thrice St. Oran's rhyme, and thrice St. Fillian's powerful prayer, then turned him to the east and bending over the harp, he struck the chords with nervous hand, and to the wind his wilful witch-notes flung.

The Lady of the Glen waxed tall, till through the roof her figure went, then mingling with the storm, in one wild yell, away she flew.

Wild, mingling with the gale, unearthly bursts of laughter rung; then at the feet of the Seer, dropped from the clouds, there came the severed limbs of Glenartney's chieftain bold.

Decoyed within the wood by the spirit self, Lord Ronald died; what hope for mortal skill to contend with the fiends below!

Stern May, protected by the spells learned on Colombo's isle, escaped the doom. But from that fearful night never one of Glenartney's line dared to stay within the wood after dark, to tempt the power of the Lady of the Glen.

"Out of the Frying-pan," etc.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"It's a deuce of a fix," said Tom Carlisle, brushing at the parting of his back hair furiously. "I say, Duke, if you'd only give a fellow a lift out of a difficulty of this sort, I'd be eternally obliged, you know."

"My dear fellow, be more explicit. What's the trouble? Are you dodging a creditor, or a little disagreement consequent upon a flirtation with another masculine's lady-love? I don't like to promise any interference blind-fold."

"Confoundedly worse, I'm afraid. Trust me to close the optics of any of my creditors, and a jealous man can always be pacified in one way or another. I'm not so sure of a jealous woman, however, and a clever old lady like my fairy godmother is quite too sharp of vision to be easily bluffed off the track."

"Fairy godmothers and jealous females! I really must decline to mix in the affair then. Such characters are quite beyond the pale of my experience, and consequently any hope of bettering your condition by act of mine."

"Just hold off your decision, will you? If you fail me, Duke, I'll be hanged if I've a hope left. Do you know what brought me down here to this old barracks instead of the tolerable 'haunts of the shore' that are wont to know the light of my valuable presence? No! Well, it's owing to a short, and if not sweet, certainly expressive missive from that fairy godmother of mine—in other words, the great-aunt whose fortune has been the base of all my 'great expectations' since the value of positions earthly dawned upon my developing mind. She writes that sundry of my misdeeds have found their way to her highly respectable ears, that no roystering good-for-naught shall have the pleasure of spending her hardly-saved dollars, but she has the weakness to entertain a lingering liking for me, and gives me a chance to redeem myself in her opinion. It's rather a hackneyed tale I'm telling, and my chance of reinstatement is to enter the bonds matrimonial with another far-off relative, a grand-niece, whose sterling good sense may counteract my faulty propensities"—by way of quotation. Quite a desirable consummation the old lady has proposed, since I find the niece in my good graces the waltz—the sweet Rosalind. You remember my telling you of her after the Le-grange ball?"

"A case of love at sight—yes, I remember."

"I didn't know until I came down here in obedience to my respected aunt's command, and the first person I met was Rosalind. Such a gentle, winning little creature! such candor and innocence! I such—"

"Spare me the rhapsodies, Tom, and proceed."

"She was so overjoyed to see me, dear girl; said she felt as if we'd been acquainted all our lives from hearing aunt Hepzibah speak of me. Do you believe in affinities, Duke? She is my affinity if such a thing exists, thanks to the fact that she has portioned her off to me."

"'Pon my word, my dear fellow, I don't see that you stand in need of any assistance, according to your statement of the case."

"There you go, interrupting again just as I approach the point. Rosalind's all right, not a straw in the way there, but the truth of it is, I got myself into an entanglement up among the Catskills last summer. Not an out-and-out engagement, you understand, but we've been carrying on a sentimental correspondence ever since, and the mountain beauty took it as a serious affair, I believe. I was struck at the time, I admit; gave her my pearl ring and asked her to wear it for my sake; it's on her hand as this blessed day, I suppose, and she's here."

The last uttered desperately. Duke gave a suppressed whistle as a light began to break upon him, but spoke no word.

"Aunt Hepzibah comes on within the weeks," Tom continued, with almost a groan. "Rosalind only waits for me to say the word, and Athalie has in this very house—see how she's done—treated her all the time I do believe. If you only would wear my ring again—"

"Quite out of the question. Athalie has consented to wear my ring in future." Tom started at hearing Duke's voice, and glanced up to see the latter appear at Athalie's side and smile down upon her with the serene compunction of secure possession.

It was a rather bitter lesson, but Tom benefited by it, and it is a question yet if the fairy godmother does not relent and leave him here with her wife the wife of his prosperous artist friend.

"I thought it was Rosa—I give you my word I did?"

"Oh, you thought!" ironically from the old aunt. "Rosa—that giddy child! A pretty pair you two would have been. There, go away. You know all you've got to expect from me now."

He made one desperate last effort to regain his lost ground.

"If you will only forgive me, Athalie," he appealed to the quiet figure in the open window. "I loved you first, you know, and I loved you all the time I do believe. If you only would wear my ring again—"

"Quite out of the question. Athalie has consented to wear my ring in future." Tom started at hearing Duke's voice, and glanced up to see the latter appear at Athalie's side and smile down upon her with the serene compunction of secure possession.

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On the Prairie;

The Adventures of Amateur Hunters.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

IX.—"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

THOUGH now the depth of winter, we suffered but little from the cold, having become "seasoned," as the phrase was. Christmas was near at hand, and some of the boys began to feel slightly homesick, as their memory pictured the generous feasts they were wont to tackle upon that anniversary. However, all this was in ward; not one breathed the word aloud, for on setting out, we had all placed our hand and seal that the one who first broached the subject, return, before spring opened, was to be booted at will by the company, for half an hour. Then, as the great day drew near, we resolved upon having a holiday, and—a Christmas dinner!

The holiday would have been ours, whether or not, for on the twenty-second there began a heavy snow-storm, lasting nearly two days and nights. The weather was comparatively mild, and the snow did not drift much, but when the sun broke through the gray banks, it shone down upon a level depth of over five feet. At last we were "snowed up," but, somehow, it didn't seem half so bad as we had anticipated.

The densely-packed snowbanks rendered our dugout warm and comfortable, and a very small quantity of fuel sufficed for our wants. All thoughts of trapping were abandoned until after the "holidays." Paths were shoveled to the river-bank and woodpile. Then the boys had a recess—all but poor me, for the lottery called my name as cook for the week.

I had promised the boys a grand treat in the shape of a plum-pudding for Christmas, but on inspection, by some mischance it was found that the raisins intended for that especial pud had been lost upon the road, or else carbaged since by some sweet-toothed member of the party. This was indeed a damper, but Pete nodded reassuringly, and with Carson, he set out over the snow upon rackets, ax on shoulder.

Returning, Baby Elephant bore two fat possums, while Pete had a mysterious bundle slung at his belt.

For "that occasion only," we all became little boys again, and on Christmas eve the dugout wall was ornamented with sundry sacks of various sizes, shapes and colors, for Santa Claus to fill. I only remember a few of the presents given each a sip of good whisky. Extracting the cork, he elevated the bottle—then lowered it. He made up a face ugly enough for a dozen. Pete had finished the whisky, then "decorated" the flask. Carson's mouthful consisted mainly of beaver-oil, vinegar and assafetida. Fred Dewey's was a pipe that he had often coveted, belonging to Gum, filled with the last morsel of "Yacht Club." He ignited it, puffing delightedly. Then something else puffed: result—an empty pipe, a small of powder, and a blackened nose belonging to Fred.

Shafer had furnished the fresh meat for our grand dinner: a choice cut from a yearling blacktail, a brace of ptarmigan, a jack-rabbit, and half a dozen quail. As the weather was comparatively warm, I—exercising the traditional privilege of a cook—drove the boys from the house, to give my talents full sweep. As we called it, I intended "to jest more'n spread myself," and, though far from claiming to be a Soyer, I own to being proud of that "spread."

Something occurred to delay aunt Hepzibah's appearance upon the scene. It was full three weeks later that her little active form, robed in crackling brocades, her sharp, wrinkled face, with two bright eyes like black diamonds set in it—the very ideal of a respectable fairy godmother—broke upon the smooth flow of events. And it was the very morning succeeding her advent that Tom was summoned to her presence, and a small tornado of wrath fell without warning full upon his head.

He came looking the very picture of despairing wretchedness. He had been contemplating pistols for one or Prussian acid in a sherry-cobbler overnight, without driving himself to a final choice. He had proposed in his most expeditious style—Tom was perfect from much experience—to the fair Rosalind, and—been refused.

"So sorry," murmured the pretty creature, in innocent surprise. "I've been engaged to Mr. McDonald, oh! for ages; ever since I came here first."

"In that case," said Tom, very stiffly, "it would have been a kindness to have undeceived me sooner."

"Oh, dear me! how was I to know?" pouted Rosa. "I'm sure everybody said you were an awful flirt, and dear aunt Hepzibah was so fond of you. I supposed of course you were going to marry Athalie."

So Tom came into the fairy godmother's presence, expecting her commiseration rather than the rage which awaited him.

He could scarcely credit his senses as he heard his reproaches poured torrent-like upon him. He had disbelieved her—he had ruined his own prospects—he was an ungrateful puppy, who should never touch one penny of her possessions—never! He had chosen his own course in defiance of her expressed wishes—commands, indeed—and he might abide by it.

"I sure I did my best, aunt Hepzibah," he said, deprecatingly. "It's not my fault your niece can't appreciate my virtues—how was I to prevent her rejecting me, since that was her choice?"

"I thought you rejected her—or what amounted to the same," snapped his aunt.

"Upon my honor—"</p